He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstred in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cosin, I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is just *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

For

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time doe such a courtesy.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King e
his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowgl
Walter Blunt.
Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou cro
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath boug
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hot
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadst thou fought at *Holmsdon* t
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the
Hot. Where? *Dow.*
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full we
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.
Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goe
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates
Dew. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates
I'le murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King. *Hot.* Up and awa
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I
shot heere: heer's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft,
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heer's